

MARVEL
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THE REAL

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GHSTBUSTERS™

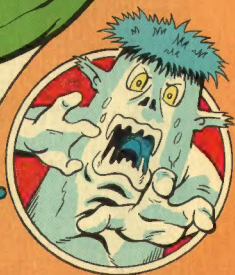
**A SCARE
IN THE
PARK!**



**A SCARE
IN THE
DARK!**



**A
SCARE
IN THE...
FRIDGE?**





Do you believe in fate? If not, issue twenty-one of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** is destined to change your outlook. A tortured Egon, finds that his future is on the cards and what he foresees chills him to the very bone in **Ponquadrador's Revenge!** The temperature plummets in **Thriller Chiller** when all four 'busters find themselves zapped into their own refrigerator and confronted by such a gruesome and rotting banquet that not even Slimer would be tempted to tuck in! Unusual for Slimer! Still, Slimer's insatiable appetite, and the crater it makes in the Ghostbuster's budget is the cause of yet more trouble, when Ray and Peter insist that he starts to contribute towards his upkeep. Winston is skeptical but when Slimer reveals a hidden talent, he has no choice but to agree with the others – a decision he comes to regret when he realises that their ecto-plasmic friend has passed over the supernatural divide – for good!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

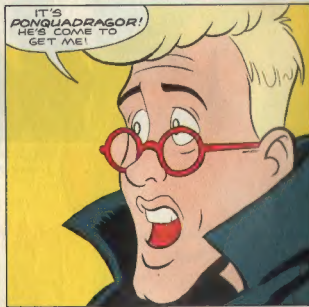
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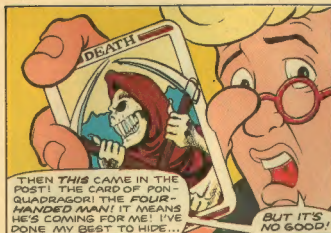


PONQUADRAGOR'S REVENGE!



OUTSIDE GHOSTBUSTERS H.Q.





THEN THIS CAME IN THE POST! THE CARD OF PONQUADRAGOR! IT MEANS HE'S COMING FOR ME! I'VE DONE MY BEST TO HIDE...

BUT IT'S NO GOOD!



I KNOW THIS IS A BAD TIME TO POINT THIS OUT, BUT THAT LOOKS AWFULLY LIKE THAT THING OVER THERE!

HUH?



SSSSPENGLE! I'VE FOUND YOU AT LASST!

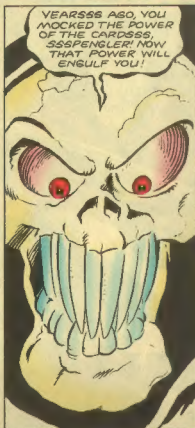
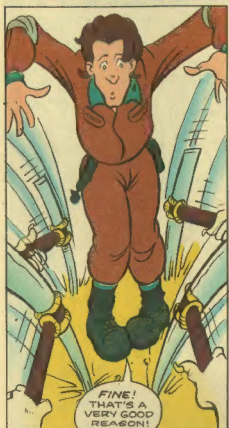
IT'S HIM!

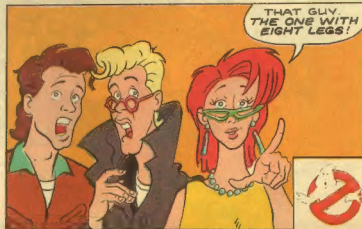
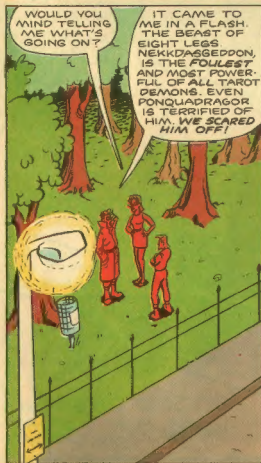
PONQUADRAGOR!



EGON, JUST NOD IF THIS IS THE POMPETY-POM-POM GUY YOU DIDN'T WANT TO MEET

IT'S HIM PETER!





THERE'S NO ONE ZANIER IN TRANSYLVANIA!

WINTER SPECIAL



THAT'S MY
LITTLE
DUCKY-BOO!

on sale now!
only 55p

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Originating in the heart of Eastern Europe, the Tarot Card System is an involved way of predicting the future using a deck of pictographic and complexly-symbolic cards.

TAROT

Derived from the 16th Century, French word, Tarot (pronounced *Tarrow*) is the name given to a deck of pictographic cards that are used in augury or fortune telling. The standard pack, as used in fairground fortune telling booths, (Peter recommends Madame Sosostriis, Clairvoyant to the stars.) contains a number of generic forms such as the Hanged Man and the Water Bearer which may be interpreted in a great number of ways. About as many ways, in fact as the astrological symbols in the Zodiac which a great many newspaper astrologers use to tell us our daily forecasts in the morning rags. You know the sort of thing I mean: "Libra; a good day for getting up and going to work. Don't absail today. Lucky day June 26th." When they bother to tell us which year we are meant to be lucky on June 26th, I'll start to pay more attention to them. Anyhow, what is more interesting, is the so-called master decks, the specifically aligned decks that have more power in them than the Zodiac. Or come to that, a cat-litter tray, or a used envelope.

MASTER DECKS

There are four such decks rumoured to be in existence.



PART 21

THE FULL CARDS OF ABDUL-AK-AHRABA

Originating from somewhere in the Middle East in the 12th century, this deck is allied to the Gods of Chance, or the Bohk-Makeurs as they are more often called. These cards are mainly useful in predicting specific events. Very specific events. Oh all right then, the winners of Camel races. Peter once had his fortune read on a pack of these only to discover that 'Locust-brethren will win the 2.40 in Bahrein.' By the time he had worked out exactly what this meant, he not only found he hadn't enough barrels of oil to lay a bet, but also it was 2.45. Steer clear of this deck.

SHANACK'S FULL HOUSE

Less a Tarot deck and more of a television quiz show, broadcast on OTV (Occult Television: a sort of Black Magic MTV). Members of the screaming au-

GUIDE

dience are invited down by the screaming host to cut a pack of Shanack's cards and win a screamingly good prize. This pack is best used whilst reciting the mystic words 'Come on down, the sacrifice is right!' Prizes have been known to include a possessed Fondue set, a cuddly Class-five repeater and a nest of stacking satanic altars. Steer clear of this deck too.

PONQUADRAGOR'S FACES

Associated with the four-armed man/demon, Ponquadrakor (see my experience with same for a full description), this pack comes from the gypsy people of central Europe. Use of this deck is likely to make the player a target for the vengeful demon with catastrophic, apocalyptic results. Pretty good for snap, though.

SAMUAL'S SWIFT DEAL

Originating amongst the voodoo/black magic cults around the Mississippi River in the Southern USA, this deck is used by Riverboat gamblers to predict the next hand in poker. Adopted by the secret card-playing cliques around Leicester, England, this deck was used to perfect the 'Leicester Shuffle' by which you can cheat at whist and other such games. Basically, by reciting the correct words during the deal, you can cause four or five of your hand to disappear completely, thus leaving you with Less-to-shuffle. Peter, it's no good. I said that joke wouldn't work.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story IAN RIMMER ⓪ Art MARTIN GRIFFITHS ⓪ Colouring HEL

I told them it was a mistake. Right from the start, I said, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

"You don't have to be Egon Spengler to spot the flaws in that argument," Peter replied. "First, we don't know if he's young, old, middle-aged or even un-aged! Second, Slimer is not a dog."

Peter wasn't alone in his opinions. Ray pointed out that Slimer was costing a small fortune in food and dry cleaning bills, so if he could somehow contribute towards his upkeep, everyone would benefit. Egon thought the whole thing would be a fascinating scientific experiment anyway. So it was settled – Slimer was to be trained into a fully functional member of **The Real Ghostbusters**.

The first suggestion – that Slimer should be a guard spook – was rejected when Janine remarked that green gunk, though messy, didn't have that strong a deterrent factor once someone was used to it. Peter moaned that he never got used to it, but Janine was right. The problem then, was to decide just what job Slimer was going to do. We decided to sleep on it. Slimer, being Slimer, decided to eat on it.

So this morning, after a sleep of loggish proportions, I woke to the sound of Egon's voice calling out, "Hold and punt! Hold and punt!" Clearly he was having his NFL head coach dream again. When I sat up to rub the sleep from my eyes and ears, I realised he was saying, "Find and point! Find and point!"

Curiosity got the better of breakfast pangs and I investigated. In Egon's lab, I found him giving Ray and Peter a demonstration of a Slimer skill he'd discovered. Slimer himself was sniffing the air excitedly. Suddenly catching a scent, he zipped across the lab, skidded to a halt – not easy when you're in mid-air – and struck a dramatic pose. One arm and hand became arrow-straight, pointing at a ghost trap which was almost hidden under a mound of equipment. His other arm was bent at the elbow, while his hand beckoned us forward.

"He's done it again!" enthused Egon. "That's the third time he's sniffed out the ghost trap in as many attempts. I think we're really on to something here. Slimer seems able to pick up a spook's scent, track it and point to the odour's source, just like a hunting hound."

"That's terrific!" beamed Ray. "Slimer can

really help us now, by leading us to any ghastlies that our instruments can't detect."

"Just think. He could probably have done this ever since we've known him," Peter continued. "We had the ultimate spectre-detector with us all along and we never knew it."

"Guys, it sounds great, but there's a supernatural world of difference between controlled, trapped-ghost experiments, and wild, free-floating, evil entities." This was me. The cautious one. The ordinary, un-scientific one. The out-voted one.

No sooner had it been decided to put Slimer to the ultimate test than his head began to twitch. "He's on to a scent already," Egon began. "Any second now, he'll take off after it." Not for the first time, Egon was absolutely right. Slimer hurtled downwards, straight through the floor. We followed, taking the more conventional route of door and stairs.

Slimer was already out of the building when Ray started up the engine of ECTO-1. In the passenger seat, Egon, using a PKE meter, kept tabs on our green bloodhound. We roared away into a Manhattan morning, as my stomach roared away all by itself – I still hadn't had breakfast.

Tracking a spook that's tracking a spook isn't easy, especially in rush-hour traffic, but we kept on Slimer's tail, even through the Holland Tunnel, thanks to Ray's lead-boot driving. Just as I was wondering where we might be going, Ray demonstrated his lead-boot braking. "Time to Proton Pack-up," he said. "Egon's PKE reading shows that we're here!"

'Here' wasn't too inviting. We were on the outskirts of what I can only describe as a disused forest. Thick, unkempt foliage hung heavily from old, spindly trees. Wickedly twisted dead branches, still connected to fallen trunks, moved eerily in the breeze. Underfoot, dense undergrowth grew wild and rampant, all but swallowing the occasional cast off bike frame or rusting oil drum. This was land even Mother Nature no longer loved. I wondered why.

We moved deeper, probably into area where no man had gone before. Slimer was just ahead of us, moving rather more cautiously himself, I thought. It occurred to me that the spook's scent must have been very strong for him to have picked it up in our base.

Egon spoke up on that very subject. "No need to worry about Slimer's apparent ability to smell this spirit half way across New York," he began comfortingly as we approached a clearing. "The size to scent ratio isn't constant in the supernatural world." There was something in the clearing. "In other words, it doesn't follow that the stronger the scent, the greater the size of the demon." There was something very large and unearthly in the clearing. "On the other hand..." concluded Egon as he finally caught sight of the huge, two-headed, three-tailed, four-legged, unnumerably toothed, grey-skinned beast that had made the clearing its own.

Off to one side, hovering about four feet in the air, a proud-looking Slimer had struck up his 'pointing' pose again. "Roger, Slimer - I think we've spotted this one," said Peter. "Our problems start when it spots us!" Barely a second later, our problems started.

First came a low, guttural growl, like rapidly approaching thunder. Thanks to the second head, this growl was in perfect stereo, enabling me to tell immediately that it wasn't rumblings from my empty stomach. Next came two jets of fire from each mouth which scorched close by us. They were followed by swishes of tails that were, we noticed for the first time, viciously barbed.

The four of us opened up with our proton beams, expecting to nail the horror, but our rays seemed to shoot straight through the bulky, grey body, serving only to make the thing more annoyed.

"Hmm I guess that confirms it," mused Egon. "I think we're dealing with a creature from another dimension here. There's very probably a split or tear in the dimensional fabric, which has allowed our extra-headed friend to fall through."

"Must be one mighty big split or tear. So where is it?" asked Peter.

"It can't be visible to the human eye," Egon replied gravely. "That's bad news, because our only chance now is to somehow get it to return home."

The creature's attacks grew more frenzied. We were in serious trouble, but suddenly Slimer dive-bombed the beast, zooming right between its two heads, causing much confusion. Our tormentor then turned all his attention on Slimer, who began leading it away from us. With only a few big strides the

demon's pair of lethal jaws were snapping at Slimer. Just as it seemed he'd be swallowed, our ghostly buddy zipped straight upwards. The creature leapt after him. There were two flashes of brilliant light - the second much larger than the first - then both Slimer and the demon were gone.

I had a horrible feeling that I knew what had happened, and Egon's words confirmed everything. "Slimer... must have been able to smell the dimensional split too. He purposely led that thing back through the rip, losing himself in the other dimension, to save us."

"You mean, he's gone?" asked the shocked Ray. "Gee, what a brave little spook..."

All four of us were crestfallen. We stood under the space where we'd last seen Slimer, feeling awestruck and very sad. Surprisingly - or perhaps not - Peter seemed more dejected than anyone. "Aww, shucks," he said, "who's going to slime me now?"

An instant later, Peter was slimed. In fact, all four of us were, as a cascade of slime suddenly appeared directly above us. It seemed to be pouring out of mid-air, falling on each of us in equal proportions.

The waterfall of slime stopped, there was another brilliant flash of light and amazingly there was Slimer arrowing down towards us. "Wayheey! He made it back!" yelled Ray, yelling for us all. Egon reasoned that Slimer was still able to smell the dimensional rip, even when on its other side, hence his return. He thought the cascade of slime was probably an accident caused by a slight miscalculation on re-entry. Peter, as always, thought the sliming was deliberate, but for once he didn't mind as he was so glad to see the little fella again.

The whole affair taught us one thing, if nothing else. Slimer, no matter how much he costs us, is really our pet, first and last. We'd be devastated if something happened to him, as we found out when we thought he was lost. There'd be no more attempts to make him 'pay his way' after this.

As we drove home in ECTO-1, relieved, cheerful and gunky, there was yet another low guttural growl in stereo. Peter, Ray and Egon were worried, while Slimer and I exchanged looks. Then he struck up his 'pointing' pose again, this time indicating a roadside eatery. It seemed I wasn't the only one who'd missed breakfast this morning.

SOME KIDS JUST WANT SOCKS FOR CHRISTMAS. . . OTHERS WANT FUN!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



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THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

■ **TRANSFORMERS 190** The Decepticon Pretender, Skullgrin, has become the hottest property ... in Hollywood! Yep, fame and fortune in the movie business are just around the corner for this particular Transformer. Trouble is, waiting in the wings is the lethal Circuit Breaker! **Monstercon From Mars** is by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt.

■ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 21** Ponquadragor's out to claim Egon as his own, the Ghostbusters are trapped in a fridge, attacked by rotting food, and Slimer's learning to become ... a ghost detector! Three spine-tingling rib-ticklers by Abnett and Larcombe/Carnell and Williamson/Rimmer and Griffiths.

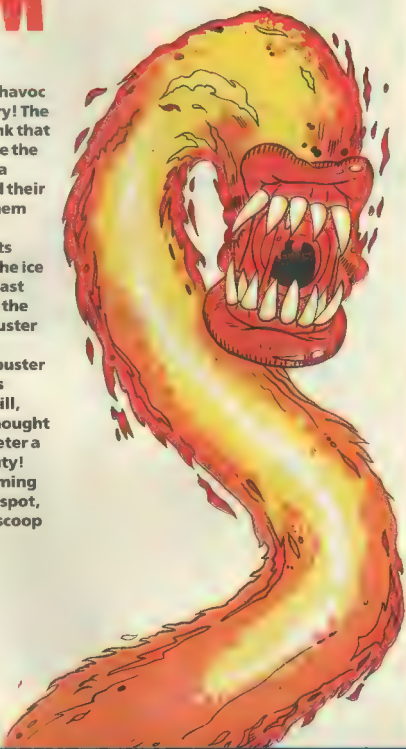
■ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 5** He's here – the lethal robotic bounty-hunter, Death's Head! If you think the Claws have had it tough so far, you ain't seen nothing yet! When Dragon's Claws, Death's Head and Incinerator Jones mix it, there can be only one result – chaos! **Introducing ... Death's Head** is by Furman and Senior.

■ **THUNDERCATS 85** In part 3 of **Sixth Sense**, by Rimmer/Mooney/Leach & Elliott, the Thundercats battle to save Cheetara! Then – enter the mutants! Plus, Panthro and Pumyra must face – Si Tare! Wall to wall Thundercats action and adventure!

ON SALE NOW!

THE DESERT SCREAM

This screaming phantom was discovered causing absolute havoc in an Egyptian ice cream factory! The factory owner seemed to think that the giant, snapping jaws were the manifestation of the cries of a thousand slaves who had had their tongues cut out to prevent them from betraying the Pharaoh's secrets. Whatever its cause, its ghostly breath was melting the ice cream and the business was fast going down the drain! This is the sort of spook that no Ghostbuster enjoys coming up against, particularly when the Ghostbuster in question is Peter and all his busting gear is back at HQ! Still, never let it be said that the thought of unarmed combat would deter a Real Ghostbuster from his duty! With Slimer's help, the screaming nasty ended up frozen to the spot, leaving them free to enjoy a scoop of iced scream!



GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Well, I guess there are quite a few of you out there who are suffering with writer's cramp by now! Keep those letters rolling in and I'll answer as many as I humanly can!

Dear Peter...

What is Slimer's favourite TV programme?
— Brian Alderson, Seaham

Being of such high intelligence (Ho Ho) Slimer prefers to watch the commercials rather than the shows! His favourite programmes are "buy yummy scrummy creamy cake" and "The Jade Palace chinese take away, only seconds down block!"

I have a few questions to ask you:

1. Please could you ask Egon when he started collecting fungi?
 2. When did you start busting ghosts?
 3. What made you start Ghostbusting?
- Ben Russel, Bradford

1. According to Egon, his interest in fungi goes back to early youth – no kidding, his first word was mushroom! 2. We've been busting ghosts for about six years now – doesn't slime fly when you're having fun! 3. Money! Actually that's not true – lack of money!

Where did Egon get his weird hair-style from?
— Frank Ronayne, Dublin

You know how these eccentric scientists are, Frank. It's not so much a cultivated style as more of a freak accident. It has something to do with lumi-fungi or some peculiar mushroom. There's only one thing I'm certain of and that's that it ain't natural!

I would like to ask some questions:

1. How much time do you get off work?
 2. Who does the cooking?
 3. Where does Slimer sleep?
- Stefan Souppouris, Address unknown

Thanks for your questions, Stefan. 1. Are you kidding? Busting ghosts is an on call, twenty-four hours a day, no nonsense, no expense spared, no job too big, no spectre too spooky, no client too rich occupation! I get the occasional split second which I fill with skiing, surfing, cinema, theatre, lovely ladies, music... 2. It's still the good ol' take away down the block most nights! 3. As far away as possible – I'm thinking of building him a kennel – in the Nevada Desert!

Why do you squabble about food with Slimer – the others don't?
— Matthew Brennan, London

Simple! The little ecto-plasmic gunk-ball only ever steals MY food!

I think that you are the best out of the gang because you are so funny. The only thing I don't like about you is that you hate Slimer!
— Kerry Evans, Amersham

Aaahhh, Kerry, I'll let you into a little secret. I do like Slimer really – especially at the end of a Proton Gun!

I'm Heavy Metal fan like you. What I want to know is why can't Egon, Ray and Winston be as cool as you?
— Ceredig Parry, Abedare

Gee, do you like Metal Witch? I've got all their albums, even down to their infamous studded picture disc in its own leather bound cover. That is one cool band! As for the other guys' lack of street cred – some of us have got it, some poor souls ain't!

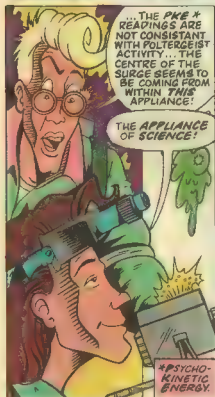
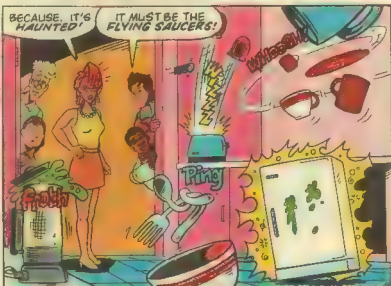
Why did you tell Ben Blackwell that there would be more next issue information in the next issue? There wasn't!
— Philip Baker, Maidstone

It was a joke – geddit? More information in the next issue when you finally read it – yes? No? Oh well, forget it, Phil. I'll take my sense of humour somewhere where it will be appreciated.

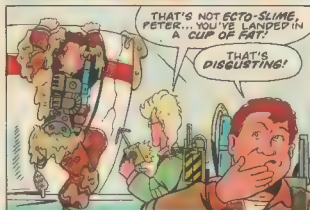
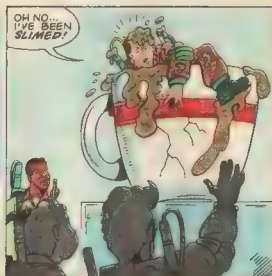
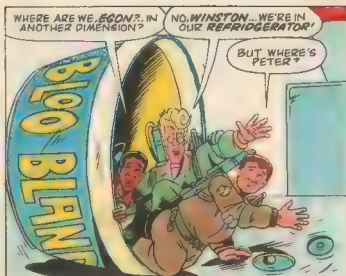
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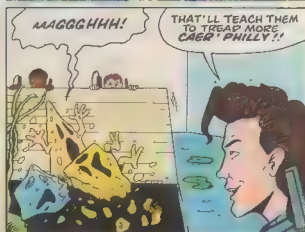
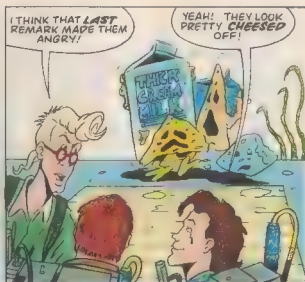
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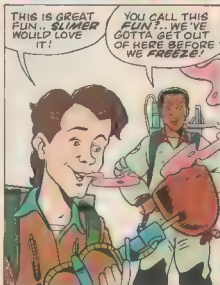
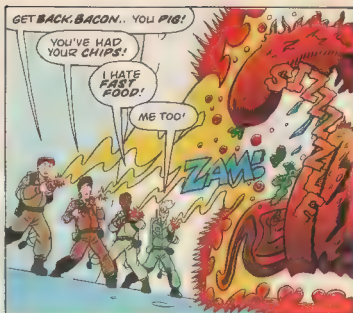
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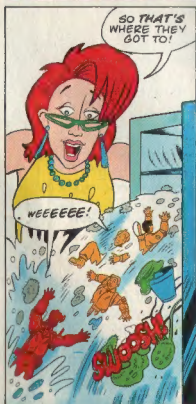


Story JOHN CARNELL Ⓞ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD Ⓞ Lettering HEL Ⓞ Colouring STUART PLACE









SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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WC2



Why didn't the monster eat the knight?
Because he'd gone off tinned food!

— Gary Callaghan, Kilburn

What did the monster say when he saw the man asleep in bed?

Yum! Yum! Breakfast in bed!

— Alan Jaques, Berkshire

Why are vampires artistic?
Because they're so good at drawing blood!

— Lewis Evans, Swansea

What kind of horse does a headless horseman ride?

A nightmare!

— James Hammond, Glasgow

What is bright red and stupid?
A blood clot!

— Richard Samson, Bath

Why do dragons sleep during the day?

So they can fight Knights!

— Kevin Callaway, Cardiff

What is a vampire's favourite dance?

The vaulzt!

— Graham Lewis, Harrow

What do you get if you cross a witch with an ice cube?

A cold spell!

— Matthew Arran, Northumberland

Why did the monster fall in love with the female monster?

Because it was love at first bite!

— Clare Stevens, Gwent

What do you call a monster with a sausage on his head?

A head banger!

— Graham Frost, Norfolk

How did the monster look after three days without any sleep?

Dead on his feet!

— Adam Day, Morecombe

Why did the dinosaur cross the road?

Because there weren't any chickens in those days!

— Stuart Lamb, Grays

What did the angry skeleton say to his friend?

I've got a bone to pick with you!

— Sam Jones, Devon

What do you get if you cross the Abominable Snowman with Dracula?

Frostbite!

— Carl Westward, Leicester

What do you call a big ugly monster with jelly and custard in its ears?

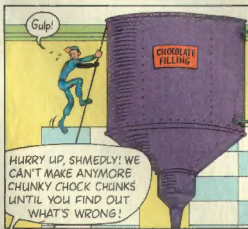
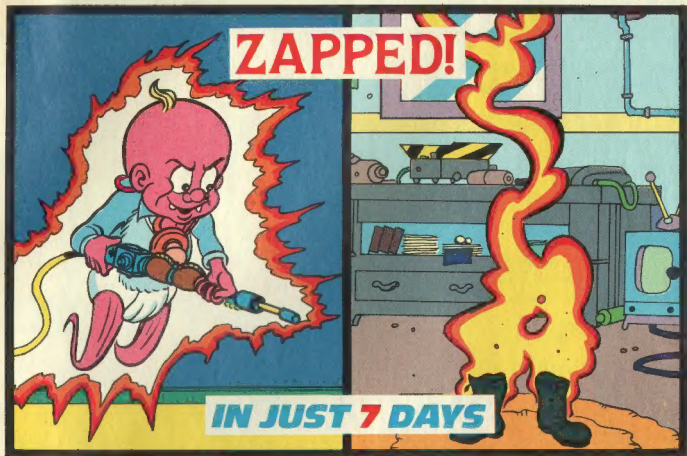
Anything you like — its a trifle deaf!

— Peter Hammond Birmingham

Did you hear about the stupid werewolf?

It lay down to chew a bone and when it got up, it only had three legs!

— Simon Steele, Cumbernauld



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